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## → Hey there.

05/29/10 | by Irene | Categories: **Events**, **Personal**, **College**

I think I might get used to writing here a little more often, but I am a relatively significant feedback whore. I ain't no writer when there ain't no comments.

Anyway, considering the date of my last post, a lot of things would have happen even in life of the most boring person in the world. I finished the 6th semester of my university, just recently, still have two more to go. I'm getting used to hating the studies more and more with each passing day, and I never would have thought that I'd reach to that point. When I first started, I loved it. It was a little bit of that and that, and the atmosphere was banging. With time, it just lost its literal sense, all of the classes we recently had gave me the impression that they're there just to make them into another semester. Pointless, boring and very unnecessary. I just need to get it over with, and then I'd be done.

As for other news, apart from my constant promise of updating my portfolio with my recent work, which I will certainly do by the end of the week; me and my fiance finally set the date for our wedding. It's gonna be in the end of August, and my head is currently exploding peace by peace every day each time I think of the things that are need to be done. I make a new list every day, throw it away. Make a new one. I signed up for the bridal chat board! When I did that, I LOLED out loud. Never thought that I would have find myself there, but that's the reality of it.

The good thing is that I already bought the dress and the bridal jewelry. Nothing else yet, tho. With my natural motherfucking perfectionism I'm gonna torture myself to death trying to make everything as it is already sitting peacefully in my head, no compromise.

That would be a short post, sort of a tiny come-back. I'm afraid to turn this blog into a bridal rant, but in time, that is a possibility.

Toodles!

1 feedback » • □

## → Events.

11/16/09 | by Irene | Categories: **MJ**, **Events**, **Personal**

It's been a while since I've written anything to this blog, and recently I've been getting messages from people telling me that they enjoyed reading these few entries I have written. That made me feel good. I haven't thought that anybody actually reads that, and as much as I was surprised, I loved getting the feedback.

That encouraged me to write another brand new post.

Of course it's quite hard to catch up with all the events that took place since my trip to Paris, evidently the last post I wrote was about it. For starters, I've been working and studying a lot.

## → Camera

Click on the image to enlarge the static camera.



## → Archives

- **May 2010** (1)
- **November 2009** (1)
- **September 2009** (1)
- **August 2009** (2)



I have completed quite a few website designs, and other freelance design mock-ups, and I will update my portfolio with a few of them this week.

I wish I could get more time to spend working, but I often found myself being tied down because of the university and all the classes that I kept putting on hold all fall long. I knew I shouldn't have done that, cos recently I found myself almost a little too deep in -shit- than a person should get oneself into. I hate that at 21, I should still decide between study and work, since by this time I was expecting both of the areas to go smoothly together and exist in peace and harmony, until recently I discovered that I'm still going to live as a semi-adult before I graduate. That's three more semesters and 1,5 years of my life.

Well, 1,5 years. When I typed that down, it didn't look that bad. Talking about living as a semi-adult, me and my boyfriend are finally moving out and getting our own place this/next week. We've been living with my parents since May, and as much as I want to call that a positive and insightful experience, I'd rather say that you shouldn't live with your family, you should visit them. It's the only way not to walk straight into hating them. I didn't exactly mean that as bad as it sounded, but I have an issue about being a private person. I don't like sharing private areas of my life even with my family, I like to keep it to myself. I also understand that different people have different standards of life or what they perceive as an appropriate living behavior, like when you wash the dishes/do the laundry routines, and when there are too many people sharing the same space, it gets messed up. Even though my parents have a three-bedroom decent house, and most of us aren't even at home most of the time, you can still feel the lack of privacy. That half of the year period seemed like a deadline, and we have happily reached it. Even though I'd kinda miss the positive sides to it, like having family dinners every other day, drinking wine and talking with my sister, having breakfast with my mother when I stay home and work, playing with my nephew and all, I want my place.


It's going to be a modest, but very cosy place for the two of us. I already attack the dish/home decoration online stores, trying not to get out of our budget. I want to buy nice things, nice bed cloths, nice towels, nice plates and espresso cups. Even though we're renting the place, I want it to feel like our home, for once. We used to have what should have been our own place, but it never felt like one. This time, I want to make it right.

I will keep you updated with the apartment stuff, and as soon as we move in and settle everything down, I'll photo it all around!

As for other news, apart from work, study, amazing plans for the future and life in general, I've started attending Salsa classes. My friend signed me up for the welcoming class. We both loved it, and the coaches were great. Later I signed up my boyfriend too, and now we're learning to dance together. It was a matter of many weeks of endless debates, I've heard everything from 'I don't want to go!!!!!!11' to 'Please, can I stay home?', but once I finally made him go with me and at least try and see for himself whether he likes it or not before he hates it, he kinda loved it. The best thing about Salsa is that when you learn it -and it's not that hard to learn the basic and most popular steps-, you're free to visit Salsa events, meet new people, watch great dancers, have fun and have a nice hobby. Also, to have something in common with your boyfriend of three years.

It suddenly hit me that we don't really have anything in common but each other. That's not really that bad, but I thought that we could definitely do much better. I'm young and childless, I want to try new things before I get too busy with my life. As soon as I settle my finances, I'd also sign for yoga classes -again-, and maybe something else. I'd love it if somebody would go with me, but it's always hard to stick to other people's schedules. I also feel that I need to start doing yoga again cause I recently got too fed up with my back aches, and as far as I remember, at the time when I did yoga, I felt much better physically-wise. It's a price to pay when you spend 18 hours sitting down with your laptop or standing up in the studio.

The last thing I want to say (and definitely not least) is that I went to see the This Is It movie, twice, and as everybody expected it, I loved it. I don't want to go into a long Michael Jackson rant here, I want to stay away from conspiracy, from press and from sad thoughts, I just want to say that I loved seeing the greatest artist of all time being in his element. I loved seeing what should have been an amazing show that never came to life. I loved seeing kind, modest, loving, caring, multi-talented, experienced, energetic, self-assured, perfectionist man that he was. I'm missing him more with each day, and I could only hope that after seeing the film, people could finally get get his primary message, the message he's been carrying around in his lyrics for many decades. It's all for love. L.O.V.E.

1 feedback » • 

## Trip to Paris

09/23/09 | by Irene  | Categories: **Trips**

Go straight to the **photo gallery!**



That has been the longest unexpected hiatus ever, but right now I am paying back with this long and extremely entertaining post about our trip to Paris and my endless thoughts and remarks on that.

It was early August when the thought of going somewhere on vacation hit both of our heads; last time we went somewhere together was like February two years ago. That was when we flew to Sharm el-Sheikh and marinated our brains and bodies with three-times-a-day-food and free-alcohol-after-2pm type of vacation. That was great, actually. However, this time I was craving for something completely different. I haven't really been to many places in Europe, and with Paris being the second on my list of must-see places (New York takes the trophy), we immediately remembered of my fiance's distant relatives living in Paris almost for a decade. We've met them once three years ago when they were visiting Riga, so it suddenly seemed like a very nice option to cut on hotel expenses.

We went online to check for airplane tickets, but the direct flight from Riga to Paris seemed to cost too much money, even for 1-2 months further flights. Of course Ryanair was left as the only option, but they didn't have any direct flights to Paris. Nor did trans-flights seemed like an option, cos we would have to spend the night somewhere between the flights and our vacation would cut down to only a few miserable days. Being the occasional pessimist, my fiance started giving up on the idea and said that we should get more money before we plan a vacation. That was when my sister randomly noticed that Ryanair flies directly to Brussels. We made some calculations and figured that grabbing a plane to Brussels and then going ~250 km to Paris by train/bus or renting a car would be an economical decision, plus much more adventurous.

The next week I spent hunting for cheap ticket dates and getting a surprise from our distant relatives telling us that they would pick us up from the Brussels airport. This trip was forming to be quite exciting.

We booked flights for Sep 7th. Weeks previously to our departure, we found out that we would live in an apartment close to Paris center with my fiance's cousin Kirill. His parents recently moved into their new house in Paris suburbs and we were instantly invited to stay with them as well.

Day before our flight I met the usual dilemma of packing the luggage. For some reason we didn't book enough luggage weight, so I had to cut down on shoes. And clothes. And many other things that seemed to be very necessary at the moment but were destined to be untouched while we're there. Anyway, I spent the night scaling the weight of several suitcases and bags, and didn't get enough sleep cos I felt dizzy all night long, nervous about flying. I'm not sure where did that come from, cause I used to go on vacation with my parents since I was 5 and never had a problem with airplanes. It formed recently. I always feel dizzy night before my flight and never sleep.

I tried to shake off my zombie look with an early morning shower and fresh clothes. After that helped a little, we headed to the airport. While there, we grabbed Absolut and banal local Balsam off airport beverage shops' shelves to drink them for a week if nobody meets us in Brussels. Not really, but one of the bottles was certainly meant for drinking once we successfully get to Paris.

The flight was almost nice, if it wasn't for me experiencing a zombie state and having to deal with the crying baby sitting across the airplane aisle. Right after what could have been a much more gentle landing, we pulled ourselves from the boat and to the building. Kirill did warn us that he might be having to take extra hours at work and wouldn't be able to pick us up right away. I was prepared to wait for an hour, two hours max. Our waiting turned out to be 5 hours! I swear I thought I'd pass in the airport. I started to run very low on energy. I tried to fix it with sandwiches from Paul's and random snacks from the magazine store, we even played word games and discussed almost every person in the airport that passed us by. It still didn't help. Food and cigarettes seemed useless. I wanted a bed and a blanket.

Kirill eventually did come after us, apologizing. He said he was held by unexpected traffic. And, he also brought along his girlfriend, Olga. A student from Moscow that was staying with him during her summer break and studying French in local school for international students.

We were so happy to see them! Anybody would, if they had to wait for such a long time. At first I was pissed, I told my fiancée that we had to rent a car or go by train like we planned first and we wouldn't find ourselves in that situation. But once I was in the car, it didn't matter anymore. We pulled by the nearest gas station, bought alcohol and enjoyed our 3 hour ride (thank you, traffic) to Paris. Kirill and his girlfriend turned out to be nice people, and we laughed and joked while on the road.

It was already about 9pm when we finally arrived to Paris, and I can't really explain the degree of tiredness I was experiencing. We wanted to buy food for late dinner and next day's




breakfast, so Kirill took us to the store at Champs-Élysées, since every other grocery store was closed at that time of the day. I'm gonna skip the part on my sincere disbelief that a yogurt could cost that much. But again, it's Champs-Élysées. In Paris, food isn't that expensive if you go to the right stores to buy it. Then Kirill briefly drove us around the night city so we wouldn't feel like the day was a total miss out.

After what seemed to be the longest journey of the year, we arrived to Kirill's apartment, then me and Olga threw together a simple pasta quickly, cos everybody was clearly -starving-. I didn't even need much food and big amount of Peach Absolut to fall asleep in the lounge, feeling somewhat happy that I've seen the shiny Eiffel Tower from the balcony at night. I don't know why everybody said that it was hideous. I think it looked kinda romantic.


We had a plan for the next day. Kirill had a day free from work and a free car, so he offered to give us the Paris express-tour and show us all the famous places in a day. So this way we could get better bearing of the city and would decide what we would like to see more thoroughly later by ourselves.

My breath was taken away, honestly. I was completely in awe of magnitude and scale of this extraordinary city. We started with Montmartre and Basilique du Sacré-Cœur that is located on the top of the hill. This is very glamorous and tourist-friendly district, with €7 for 0,25l beer. The beer was good though and very refreshing since it was a very hot and sunny day. The Basilica, by the way, is made of travertine stone, which constantly exudes calcite, which ensures that it remains white-colored. Also, if you need a portrait of yourself for €50, a lot of 'freelance' painters of Montmartre would be more than happy to help you. That is a very nice tradition, since this district historically used to be inhabited by a lot of later world-famous artists - including Picasso and Modigliani - who lived and worked there.

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## Weekend

08/24/09 | by [Irene](#)  | Categories: [Events](#), [Rant](#), [Cooking](#)

I know that when you're 18 you go clubbing, dance all night long and you think you're so cool and great that if anybody blew off the dancefloor yesterday -- it was definitely you. I don't know why that doesn't give me as much fun and joy as it did three or four years ago. The only reason why I randomly feel the urge to go to the club is since I feel like I need to -dance-, I love the music. Also, everybody now thinks that playing MJ is cool, so each night would be my night.

I will have to go this week. I'll dress up and dance all night, just for that. Drinking too much alcohol, shooting stares or 'wtf-this-bitch's-wearing' rants don't seem fun at all, I must be getting too old. This weekend was definitely clubless.

Saturday night my sister and me went to our friend's house to hang out with the girls. She's -- the friend -- been willing to celebrate her two-year anniversary of her marriage, and we decided to stay in and cook, just us -- five girls. The best choice was definitely to cook **Pasta con le cozze**, a traditional Puglese pasta dish with mussels, tomatoes, garlic and olive oil. It was del-ish! My favorite pasta ever. Each time I eat it I could swear that I'd eat only that for all my life, but then again -- there's sushi that my sinful soul can not live without. So, the choice was a pasta for a primer, and then skip directly to dessert -- we baked the delicious **Ciambella marmorizzata**. It doesn't even take a lot of time, and it looks tasty and double-colored.


Then of course we were drinking wine, eating what me and my sister basically cooked, and discussing men. These girls were all five years older than me, so our conversations led me to many various thoughts of how time, status and lifestyle choices make people want different things from what they thought they would get in life prior to their marriages, children and sometimes divorces. It's not necessarily worse or better, it's just different. I also realized that relationships require so much effort -- in order to work out -- that you need to start working on common interests, future plans and talk about what you both want in life and where would you like to see yourselves in several years long before time decides all that for you. As much as I enjoy the romantic side to the relationship, I would like to protect now still imaginary married self and imaginary several kids from what might -- I'm not saying that it will -- happen to them, and me, in case something doesn't work out. It's not pretty to think that it might fail before you even start it, but it's what everybody should do. Sign certain things, agree on certain things right now, when everything's great and you love each other. And hope that it'll be like that for the rest of your life. I get sick of watching women struggling through divorces, when prenuptial agreements would make it so much easier and less painful for everybody.

Just thoughts. Either way, we did spend a nice time. On Sunday we woke up with the promise of helping my dad in the garden, which we did. My fiance took good care of his karma when gardening the half of the lawn. Later my mother's cousin's family came over to celebrate




mom's 55th birthday that was last Wednesday. We cooked barbecue and I spent time with my cousins whom I see very rarely. I wonder why tho, cos they seem like nice people and we're family. I wonder if it's normal to start hanging out with your cousin for the first time when you're 21. It's easier to meet new people and start hanging out with them than making a more solid contact with your own cousin whom you didn't really care for for all your life.

After they left, my fiance and I watched **The Boat that Rocked**, which was completely splendid. I highly recommend it.

1 feedback » • 

## Website launch -- finally!

08/21/09 | by Irene  | Categories: **Rant**


I'm happy to announce that I have finally managed to put this website together for your -- or basically my own -- entertainment. As many may know, I have been running a blog/personal website for several years during 2002-2006, and it even became quite popular. Sadly, it fell apart due to lack of time and will to continue.

This time I've minimized the content to Weblog, Photoblog and Portfolio for stuff that I do for work and college, that I will try to update -- and improve -- over the years. This website, on the other hand, is the portrayal of my ultimate love for heavy graphics that I like to call artistic. Time and trends go by and change fast, but my favorites among websites stay graphically heavy and somewhat creative stuff other than aka Web 2.0 graphical trends. Here, I would like to celebrate my choices.

It was a hard work for me in sense of coding and trying to customize the blogging thing to fit my website. I usually code very simple websites since trying to stick to graphical design and print -- so this one was hard for me. Nevertheless, I managed to battle all of the unwanted mistakes I've been making and dealing with for a few weeks, and right now for me -- and hopefully for you -- everything seems to work fine.

I would like all of you to stay tuned, cos I'm giving a honest 'yes' to providing interesting and entertaining material of my work, my life and my mind cloudiness.

~Irene

5 feedbacks » • 

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